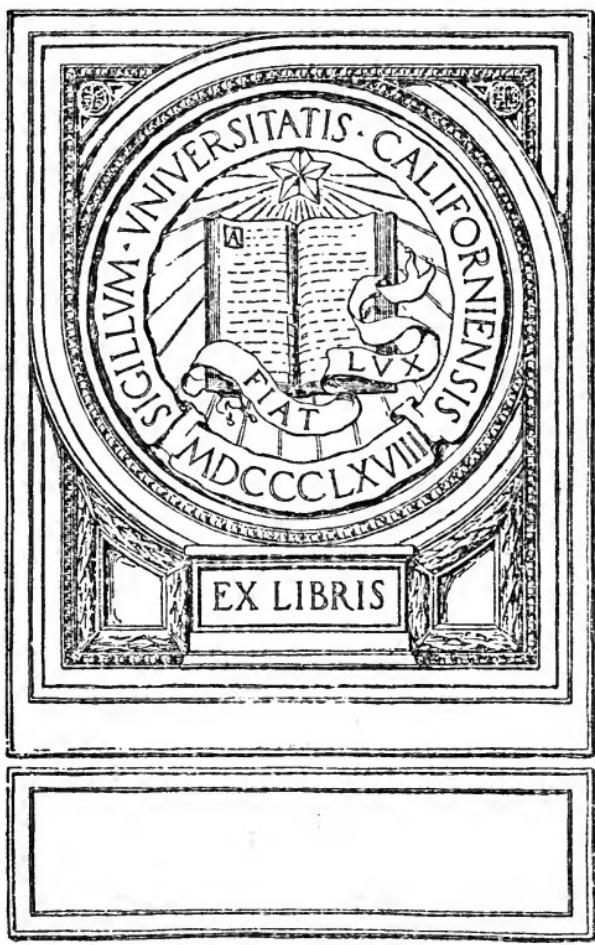
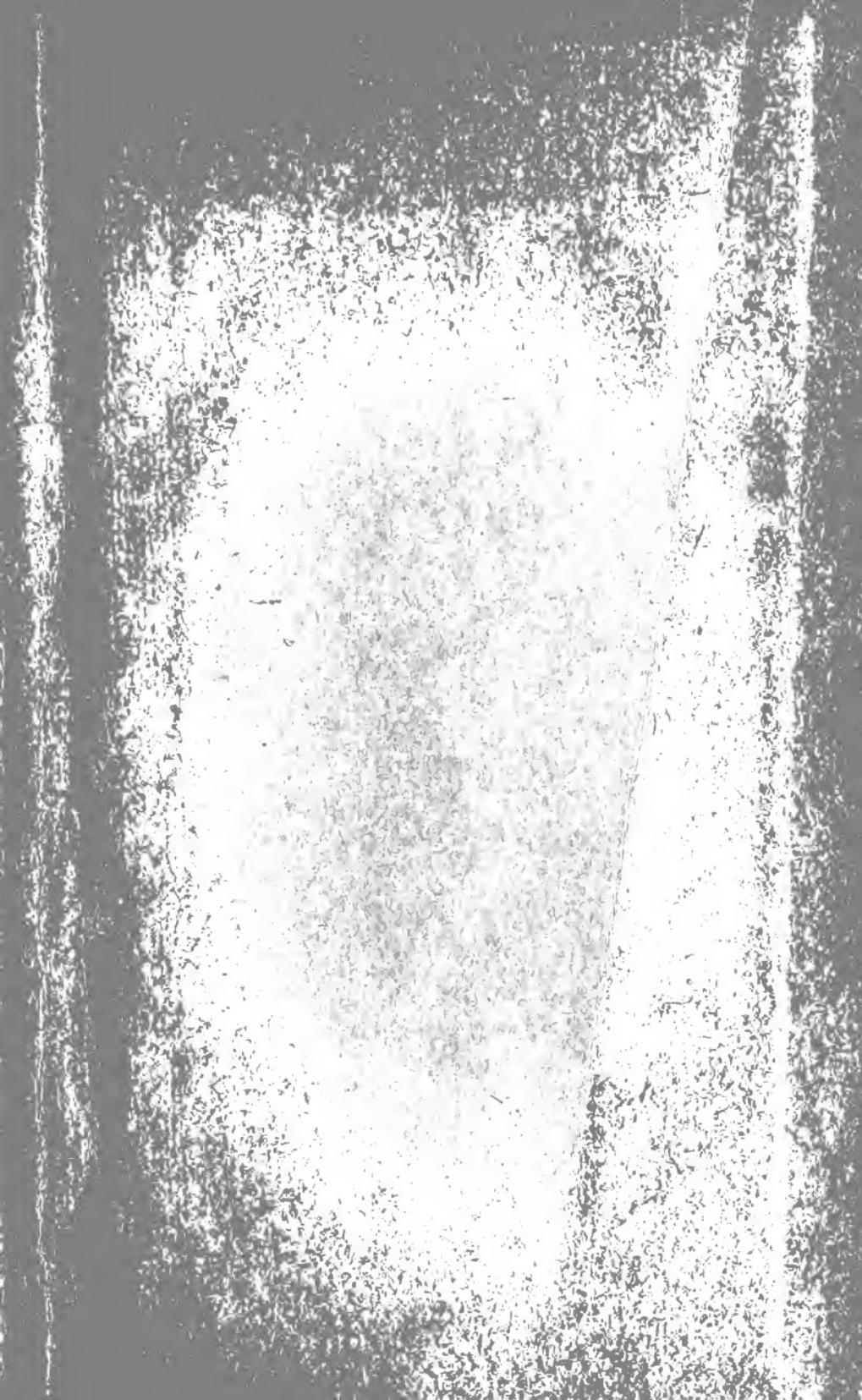


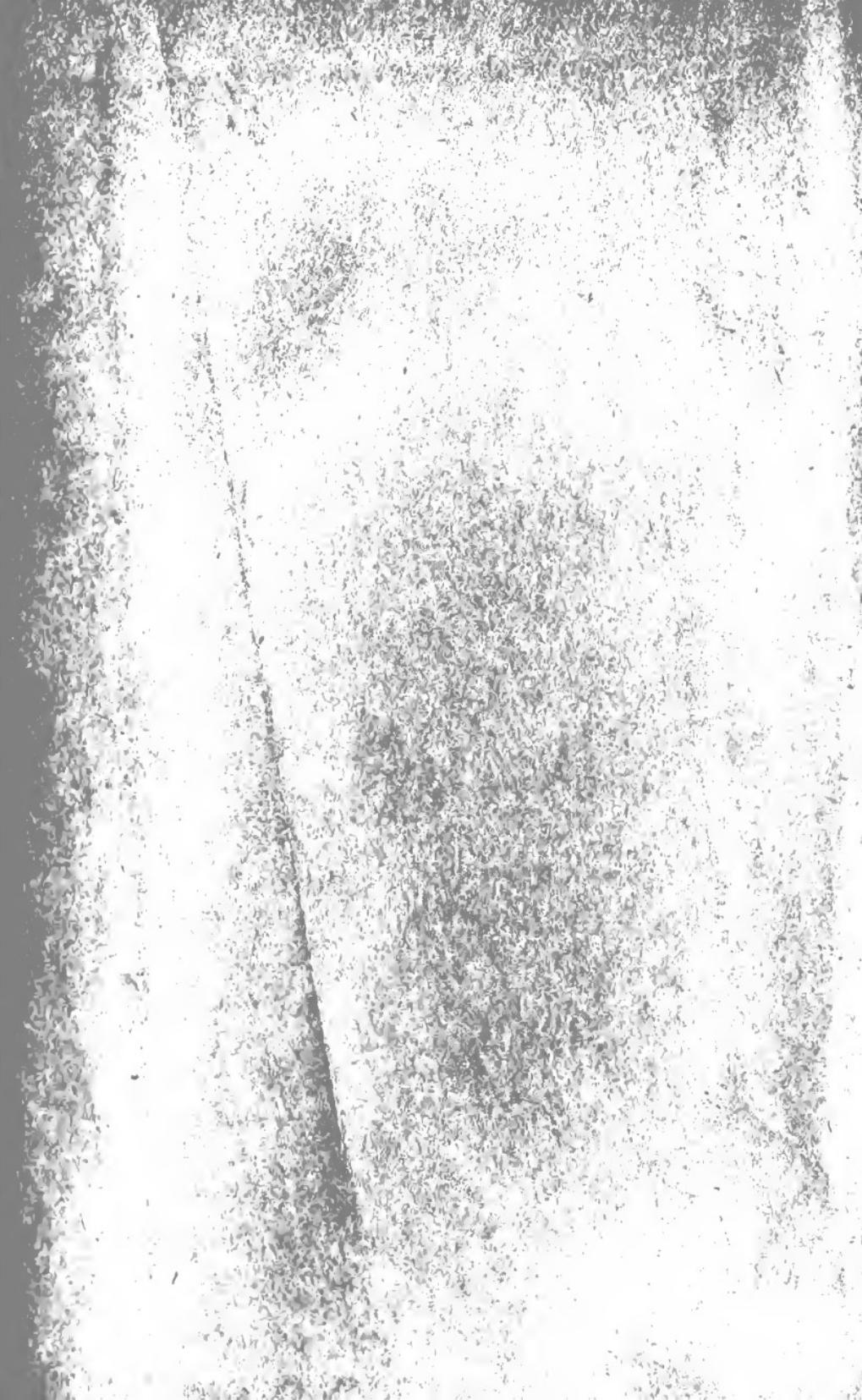
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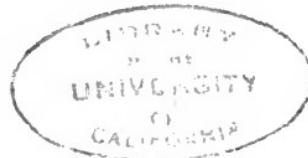
GIFT

World Peace Foundation Pamphlet Series

HEROES OF PEACE

BY

EDWIN D. MEAD



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HEROES OF PEACE

By EDWIN D. MEAD

M. R. CARNEGIE rendered no more signal service to the cause of peace when he provided for the erection of the splendid Temple of Peace at The Hague, as a fitting home for the International Tribunal, than when he provided, by his gift of five million dollars, for pensions for heroes of peace. The great service of this munificent endowment was in the new emphasis which it placed. It said that from now on the men who have shown their courage and devotion in saving life were to be applauded and rewarded as truly as the men who have destroyed life. It passed no judgment upon the battlefields of history. The generous giver, when he made his original and prophetic gift, doubtless felt, like others of us, that the battlefield has been the theater of infinite faithfulness, self-sacrifice, and service, of the highest heroism often as well as the deepest horror. But he clearly felt that the esteem and glorification of the soldier had been out of all proportion to the honor paid the heroes of other fields than the battlefield, whose service, done to no accompaniment of fife and drum or waving banners, often imposed far greater risk, demanded a far higher courage, and had a vastly nobler and more useful end. The time has come—it has been too long delayed—for a new adjustment, a distribution of honors and rewards upon a basis commensurate with our present actual civilization. The soldier who risks his life to save the state, or at the state's command, is a proper pensioner,

but he is no more truly a public servant, nor the exponent or agent of patriotism, than the statesman or the teacher; and the policeman, the engineer, the fireman, and the surfman, faithful and firm at their dangerous posts, place us under equal obligation and deserve as well at our hands. Haltingly and at scattered points the community is beginning to recognize this fact. Until it recognizes it everywhere and in adequate measure, we are debtors to the generous individual pioneers who emphasize at cost the needed lesson.

The old saying of Andrew Fletcher, that he cared not who made the laws of the people if he might make the songs, is famous. A people's statues—their choice, or the choice imposed upon them, of the men to be publicly honored—are as important and influential as their songs; yet there is hardly any matter where the world is so backward, where it so seldom shows a high degree of enlightenment, where it is so often barbarous or snobbish. Contemplate the Duke of York's column (how many know what Duke of York?) and the Albert Memorial in London, yet without a monument to Shakespeare, and until yesterday without a statue of Milton or of Cromwell! Under my window in Boston was dedicated the other day a statue of General Banks. Still nearer my window is the great equestrian statue of General Hooker, quite dwarfing the modest figures of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann farther back in the Statehouse yard. Now, I have a very considerable respect for General Banks and General Hooker; but I cannot forget that there is no statue in Boston of Emerson or Lowell or Whittier or Longfellow, whom there is vastly higher reason, as there would be vastly greater benefit, for Boston to honor. There are statues of General Glover and Colonel Cass, of whose services not one reader in a thousand could give the slightest account; but there is no memorial of John Adams or John Quincy Adams, the two great Massachusetts presidents of the United States.

The case in our national capital is yet worse. The streets and squares of Washington swarm with statues; but it is no exaggeration to say that three quarters of them are of generals and admirals, and most of these men of whom even the high-school boys of the city know but little. There is next to nothing among them to remind the

visitor from Mars or from Maryland that the nation of Washington and Jefferson and Franklin—whose judgment of war and of the proper prominence of the soldier in their new Republic is remembered by some of us—ever produced a poet or historian, a scholar or teacher, a painter or sculptor, a philosopher or philanthropist, a statesman or a man of science worthy of notice, or that up to date it really honors, enough to spend any money to show it, any vocation save the warrior's. It is the measure of our barbarism.

Yet what opportunities and beckonings our rich American history and our national capital offer for the sculptor and the man of wealth and the proud nation! I do not forget the noble Washington monument, nor the noble memorials besides at the capital, and in New York and Boston and elsewhere. I am thinking of the things which are there and ought not to be, and of the things which ought to be there and are not. I am thinking how the great Scott monument glorifies Edinburgh, and the Luther monument glorifies Worms, and the Goethe and Schiller monument glorifies Weimar. At Rudolstadt, on the Thuringian border, we found in the little park a simple stone vase among the flowers, upon the pedestal of which, on the four sides, were inscribed the names of the great poets, Goethe, Schiller, and others, whose brief stays in the town had been memorable. The dates of their residence were given. Rudolstadt felt herself blessed by their sometime presence; and her beautiful recognition of it was a perennial refinement and refreshment for her people. I have suggested more than once two monumental groups which I should like to see erected in Boston,—the illustrious group of Boston men who, in the years before 1775, did so much to shape the American mind for independence, and the equally memorable group who, in the next century, did so much to rouse the nation against slavery. I should like to see, as well, in our Puritan City a monument to Puritanism. It should be a copy of that sturdy and beautiful old Norman chapel at Huntingdon, in which the boy Oliver Cromwell went to school, and within it statues and medallions in memory of all the great leaders of the Puritan movement, in commonwealth and church, in Old England and in New.

We are, of course, going to better the present order of things. The new teaching of history will help rapidly in this—in which in the last thirty years the old military monotony has yielded so signally to the varied and illuminating synthesis of the nation's political, religious, literary, scientific, and industrial life. Each of these realms, the young people and their elders come to see, has had its heroes, as heroic as any upon the Plains of Abraham or Bunker Hill or Look-out Mountain; and the heroes will not wait long for celebration. At the Old South Meetinghouse in Boston, a few years ago, one of our lecture courses for young people was devoted to "Heroes of Peace," and these were the heroes and heroisms honored, each by a lecture: "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians"; "Horace Mann and his Work for Better Schools"; "Mary Lyon and her College for Girls"; "Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith"; "Peter Cooper, the Generous Giver"; "Dorothea Dix and her Errands of Mercy"; "General Armstrong and the Hampton Institute"; "Colonel Waring, and How he made New York Clean." The best thing about it was that the boys and girls, who do have a hunger and rightful claim for the chivalric and the stirring, but who are greatly wronged in the ascription to them of an absorbing love for blood and thunder, were, on the whole, more deeply interested in these heroes than in those of the War for Independence or the War for the Union, who never lack full justice from our hands at the Old South.

But I am not here concerned chiefly with famous men, even famous heroes of peace. "Let us praise famous men," says the writer of Ecclesiasticus, and he names many classes of them; but he hastens to remind us that there are humbler men who, in their places, are merciful and righteous and wise, but who so often "perish as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born." They "have no memorial," but they leave "a good inheritance," and "their glory shall not be blotted out." I think that in the future the mercy and righteousness and wisdom of humble men will have far more memorials than in the past; that moral character and social service, rather than power and show, will be what men and states will elect to honor. This is what democracy commands and what democracy means.

I have found in London this last summer some beautiful and eloquent public memorials of humbler heroes of peace, consummate illustrations of fortitude and self-sacrifice. They are memorials of a kind hardly ever seen before in human history; and they are a cheering earnest of the new emphasis which we shall see in ever greater fullness in the awards of honors, as the humane and discriminating spirit which begins to inform the world does its more and more perfect work.

I was returning to London from Surrey wanderings, in the course of which by interesting coincidence we had visited the country home and the grave of Watts, the painter, on the hillside close by the pretty little village of Compton, when on the train my eye caught a column in the day's London newspaper headed "Workaday Heroes." This was the opening paragraph of the impressive article:

If ever you need to remember that the age of chivalry is not yet dead, you should take a 'bus to the General Post Office. The building is, indeed, rather sedate than heroic, and the atmosphere unencouraging to roving fancy; but if you take your life in your hand and cross the road to St. Botolph's, you find birds chattering about grass and tree, a scrap of country in the swiftest whirl of the town, to make a vestibule for a simple shrine of noble deeds. One of the most English of modern poets has sung the honor "of lives obscurely great." He who would understand the spirit of England must go, not only to the temple of famous men at Westminster, but to the little red-roofed cloister in the Postmen's Park. In its midst, beneath the inscription "The Utmost for the Highest," stands a statuette of a bearded man with lofty brow, grave, long-robed; and below is written: "In Memoriam, George Frederick Watts, who, desiring to honor heroic self-sacrifice, placed these records here." There is space upon the walls for nearly a hundred and fifty tablets. Until last week only twenty-four places had been filled. The care of Mrs. Watts has now added another row of twenty-two, and the names to fill two more tablets have been chosen. The first jubilee of Queen Victoria was the occasion of Mr. Watts's suggesting a national memorial to the men and women who have lost their lives in saving life. He caused long researches to be made into the vast masses of newspapers in the British Museum, that such deeds might not linger in obscurity. A national memorial still remains nothing more than the noble idea of a great artist, but a modest part of his conception Mr. Watts himself made actual. He built in that "Postmen's Park" by St. Botolph's, which covers the site of the burial grounds of St. Botolph's itself, Christ Church, and St. Leonard's, the simple cloister, with

its dark bench and beams, floor of brick, and roof of tile, where the deeds of Londoners are enshrined. The first twenty-four tablets, many of which were in position before the painter's death, are of glazed white, bearing their simple inscriptions in dark blue letters. It would be hard to find material more pleasing in its effect or better adapted to withstand the ravages of the London atmosphere. The first act recorded is of the year 1863, the last of 1901. . . . All day long the birds flit to and fro in the cloister, and the plane trees rustle overhead, and away beyond the turf and the flame of the geraniums you may catch a soft gleam from the water of the old silent fountain. All day long the city workers come to sit in the shade, and rest, and read, and dream. What better shrine could there be for the heroes of the workaday world?

Truly an inspiring and compelling picture, this; and to old St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, I went on the next day. It is close by St. Paul's Cathedral, five minutes' walk northward; and the little cloister or loggia is at the farther end of the pretty green, with trees and flowers, beside the church. "Postmen's Park" the little ground is popularly called, because it is just beside the great Post-Office buildings, and I suppose the postmen, more perhaps than any other class of workers,—though plainly all classes like it,—are in the habit of resting there a bit at noonday after the luncheon hour. Visitors come and go; and many buy from the gardener the little book "In Commemoration of Heroic Self-Sacrifice," which he sells for a penny.

New tablets are added on the wall from time to time, several being placed, as above stated, last August. One tablet honors the heroism of a player in a pantomime at the Princess's Theater. The clothes of one of the actresses caught fire, and this other, Sarah Smith, ran to her to put out the flames, and succeeded, but was herself so terribly burned that in a day, after much suffering, she died. There are the names of Walter Peart and Henry Dean, driver and fireman of a Windsor express on which the connecting rod of the engine broke and tore the boiler asunder. In a deluge of flame and steam they stuck to their posts and stopped the train, saved their passengers, and met a terrible death. There is the tablet to Mary Rogers, the stewardess of the Channel Islands steamer *Stella*, which went down in 1899. When the last boat was pushing off, the sailors bade her jump in, but she answered, "No, no; if I get in the boat, it will sink. Good-by!

good-by!" She lifted her hands then, and cried, "Lord, have me!" And the *Stella* sank beneath her feet. There is the tablet to Alice Ayres, the maid-servant in Southwark, who saved all her master's children from a fire at the cost of her own life:

"And who was Alice Ayres? you ask.
A household drudge who slaved all day,
Whose joyless years were one long task
On stinted food and scanty pay.
But neither hunger, toil, nor care
Could e'er a selfish thought instill,
Or quench a spirit born to dare,
Or freeze that English heart and will."

There are the names of two doctors who sacrificed their lives for their patients. There is the name of Solomon Galaman, the little East End boy of eleven, who saved his tiny brother from being run over in the crowded market street and fell himself beneath the wheels. "Mother," he said, as he lay dying, "mother, I saved him, but I could not save myself." The story of many another is equally heroic. The mere catalogue so deeply stirs the heart that I wish there were space here for every name and deed. The inscriptions on the tablets are the briefest; but in the little book Mrs. Watts has had the fuller stories printed, a page being devoted to each of those commemorated by the first twenty-four tablets. It is a veritable book of the ever-growing Bible, another Book of Acts—the acts of a fortunately monumental few whose names have been snatched almost by chance from among those of the unmonumented thousands who, through the generations, in their humble places, cheered by no trumpet and no hope of pension, have had the fibrous faith that made them faithful unto death, saving others because they would not save themselves. A benediction on George Frederick Watts and the St. Botolph's cloister—as it sheds benediction on London and on us!

About as far south of St. Paul's Cathedral as St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, is north, one comes to the Southwark Bridge over the Thames. Five minutes' walk beyond the southern end of the bridge is Southwark

Street. From Southwark Street leads black little Red Cross Street, and in Red Cross Street are Red Cross Garden and Hall. It is a historic neighborhood, if indeed a dull and dingy one. Shakespeare's Globe Theater once stood close by; and old St. Savior's Church, now the cathedral of the new diocese of Southwark, in which a beautiful window commemorates the fact that there John Harvard was baptized, is but five minutes' walk away. Dull and dingy the whole neighborhood certainly is—and Red Cross Street in particular; and it is a relief to turn from the street into the pretty green garden, with the picturesque little cottages and hall at the rear. This bright oasis in a desert was created twenty years ago by a group of devoted London people, and is held by a body of trustees, of whom Miss Octavia Hill is one. It is a means of grace to the whole region. The hall is used every Sunday in winter, and forms a beautiful free drawing-room for all who like to come; and it meets a hundred needs week after week. On alternate Sundays for many years one talented woman, Mrs. Marshall, has given concerts here of a fine character, every Christmas arranging a performance of the "Messiah," when all meet as at a religious service; and on Thursdays during the winter groups of friends give dramatic entertainments—the memorable opening entertainment, twenty years ago, having been by George MacDonald and his family, who acted "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

But what chiefly drew me to Red Cross Hall, not this summer for the first time, were the panels painted by Walter Crane for its decoration, illustrative of the heroic deeds of the poor. There will be six of these panels altogether, and three of them have already been executed. One of the three is in memory of the same Alice Ayres, mentioned above, commemorated by one of the tablets in the St. Botolph's cloister. This memorial panel in Red Cross Hall gains added impressiveness from the fact that the heroic deed which it pictures was done in the immediate neighborhood. The young servant girl was sleeping in a room with the three children in the front of her master's house over the shop, when roused after midnight by cries of fire from a passer-by. The smoke was rising from the shop below. She ran with the baby in her arms, leading the other children, to wake her

master and mistress, and then hastened back with the children and threw open the window. By this time the shop was a mass of flames, and their retreat backward was cut off. The crowd called to Alice to jump or it would be too late, but through the fire and smoke she dragged one child and then another to rescue before she would think of herself, and then from a background of flame fell upon the railing below, with injuries from which, two days afterwards, she died.

This was in 1885. In 1887 a child barely five years old fell down a well 258 feet deep, near Basingstoke. By some miracle, just before reaching the bottom, where the water is twelve feet deep, he caught a rope and held on to it. His cries were heard, and one George Eales at once volunteered to go down the rope to rescue him. He reached the child, and, holding the rope with one hand, somehow managed to tie another rope around the child, and both were drawn up to the top. It is an almost incredible story of daring and endurance; and this deed is the subject of Walter Crane's second picture. The third commemorates the heroism of two navvies who, working with others upon the railway between Glasgow and Paisley, in 1876, stood back upon the approach of an express train, which upon passing would cross a lofty viaduct. Suddenly one saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced the train would be wrecked upon the viaduct. "There was no time for words. Jamison made a sign to his nephew, and the two rushed forward; they fixed the sleeper, saved the train—and were left dead upon the line." One who was present at their funeral, which was largely attended, especially by fellow-workmen, wrote: "We laid them in the same grave in an old churchyard on a hillside that slopes down to the very edge of the railway. As the two biers were carried down the hill, the bearers being the friends and comrades of the dead, the trains were coming and going; and I thought of Tennyson's lines:

Let the feet of those he wrought for,
Let the tread of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore

Surely it is sacramental for the workaday folk of Southwark to gather in the presence of such memorials of workaday heroes as these, to

sing the "Messiah," or hear about "The Pilgrim's Progress," or talk together about coöperation. A benediction, too, on Walter Crane, and Octavia Hill, and Red Cross Hall! The thought of it transfigures that whole gloomy bailiwick in the Borough. I wish there were a similar Red Cross Hall in Boston, and in New York, and in Chicago.

Why do memorials such as these never find place in our Christian churches? I have visited more churches than most men in my time,—my friends are in the habit of saying that it is impossible for me to pass an English church, especially, without going in,—but I never saw a memorial like these in one, English or American, in all my life. The walls of English churches and cathedrals are rapidly becoming filled with ostentatious marbles and brasses—people are rich now, and our generation is lavish with monuments to contemporaries to a degree quite beyond our fathers—in memory of men who went out to South Africa the other day to kill brother men called Boers. I do not here discuss Boer War politics. I do not question that these were good men and true, faithful to their duty as they saw it, as honest fellows as their brothers yonder who faithfully killed them, and that they died bravely—Wellington said he never saw a man who was not brave. I only wonder whether their business was so much more Christlike than that of the navvy Jamison or Alice Ayres, so much better suited for celebration by Christian churches, that there is preëminent reason to celebrate it so pompously in that particular place, and the other not at all.

If Christ came to Margate, on the Kent shore at the mouth of the Thames, he would find what I call a truly Christian monument. It is what they call at Margate the Surf Memorial. It is the bronze statue of a man belonging to the life-saving service, peering anxiously out from the shore which he patrols into the dark mists above the angry sea, in whose breakers his fellow-men are in danger. Half a dozen of the Kentish surfmen lost their lives to save other lives in such a terrible ordeal a few years ago; and their names are inscribed upon the pedestal of this statue, which is their memorial. I do not remember their names, but they do not care for that—and it does not matter. All along the New England shore and the New

Jersey shore their brothers are pacing up and down to-night, under other names, keeping faithful watch through the darkness and the storm for the safety of your brother and mine. How often do we think of them in our quiet beds? One cry upon the midnight air, one rocket shooting yonder to the sky, and, spite of every pulling thought of the woman or the children in the home over the hill, the boat is launched against a fiercer foe than that which the "six hundred" faced at Balaklava, too often with a proportion of fatality as great. Too often, also, their names then remain written in sand or water. It would be well for us if, along with the names of infantrymen and cavalrymen and artillerymen, we could write them oftener in bronze and stone.

AT THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise. — *Longfellow*

THE FATHERLAND

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland! — *Lowell*



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